

No. 21.

THE READING CLUB

50
SELECTIONS
IN PROSE AND
POETRY

PN
4199
R43
no. 21
1897
c. 1
ROBA



EDITED BY
GEORGE M. BAKER.

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., Publishers BOSTON

A NOVELTY IN RECITATIONS.

DRAMATIZED READINGS;

Recitations in Poetry and Prose, Illustrated with
LIVING PICTURES.

This novel entertainment, which presents a series of living illustrations of the reader's text, is a pleasing variation of the ordinary tableau entertainment, and is sure to please. A copious and varied selection of readings is given in this book, and the principle and plan of the entertainment is so amply illustrated in its relation to these, that no difficulty will be found in adapting it to any other selection that it may be desired to present in this way. Characters, costumes, etc., according to subject and scope of the selection.

Price . . . 25 Cents.

CONTENTS.

ABOU BEN ADHEM	<i>Leigh Hunt</i>
AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE	<i>Alice Cary</i>
ANSWERING AN ADVERTISEMENT	<i>Frank M. Thorn</i>
BIRTH OF THE IVY, THE	
BRIDAL WINE CUP, THE	
BRIDAL VEIL, THE	<i>Alice Cary</i>
CALLAGHAN'S FAILURE	<i>T. W. Hall</i>
DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER	
DRAFTED	
EASTER EXERCISE—"King Robert of Sicily"	<i>Longfellow</i>
GRANDMA'S MINUET	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i>
IF	
JIMMY BROWN'S SISTER'S WEDDING	
LESSONS IN COOKERY	
LOOKING BACKWARD	
MATRIMONIAL PHILOSOPHY	
MY SISTER'S PHOTOGRAPHS	
NIGHT WATCH, THE	<i>François Coppée</i>
OPENING OF THE PIANO	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>
SMALL BOY'S EXPLANATION	
STRONG COFFEE	<i>Charles Mackay</i>
SYSTEMATIC AND INTELLECTUAL HOUSEKEEPING	
WASHERWOMAN'S SONG, THE	<i>Eugene F. Ware</i>

THE READING CLUB


AND

HANDY SPEAKER

A COLLECTION OF THE PIECES ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED
SINGLY AS BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS, BEING
SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC,
AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN
PROSE AND POETRY

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS



EDITED BY

W. H. BAKER

No. 21

BOSTON:

Walter H. Baker & Co.

THE READING CLUB

THE READING CLUB

THE READING CLUB

No. 21



COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY WALTER H. BAKER & Co.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ADVANCE, THE. <i>F. H. Gassaway</i>	5
ANOTHER VICTIM	56
BISHOP AND THE CATERPILLAR, THE	35
COMPANY K	13
COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES	60
DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN. <i>By E. E. Ten Eyck</i>	44
DE ROCHAMBEAU AND THE ROSE. <i>By Nora Perry</i>	63
DOMESTIC SCENE, A	58
FACE UPON THE FLOOR, THE. <i>By Harry P. Keily</i>	16
FRA ILDEFONSO'S GUEST. <i>By J. S. Fletcher</i>	53
GIMLET vs. CORKSCREW	28
HE LOVED TO STEAL	52
HOW GIRLS FISH	99
INNOCENT DRUMMER, AN	9
KELLY'S DREAM. <i>By J. W. Kelly</i>	31
MRS. MCGLAGGERTY ON ROLLER SKATES	97
MR. WIGGLESWORTH AND THE LADDER. <i>By W. O. Fuller, Jr.</i>	79
ONE OF JOB'S COMFORTERS. <i>By Belle M. Locke</i>	41
PANCHITA. <i>By D. S. Richardson</i>	76
PATSY BRANNIGAN'S GOAT	71

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SWISS GOOD-NIGHT, THE	57
TEXT FROM MOTHER GOOSE, A	66
'THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER'S. <i>By Nora Perry</i>	95
TRAIN TO MAURO, THE. <i>By S. A. Frost</i>	86
UNCLE NATE'S FUNERAL	49
UNMADE HAY	69
VOYAGE AROUND MY POCKETS, A	20
WHITE LILY, A. <i>By Mary C. Wright</i>	84
WOMEN ALL AT SEA	24

Most of these recitations may be had singly in leaflet form at five cents each. They are, however, liable to go out of print in this form without notice.

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

THE ADVANCE.

BY FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

WHEN war's wild clamor filled the land,
When Porter swept the sea,
When Grant held Vicksburg by the throat,
And Halleck strove with Lee,
It chanced that Custer's cavaliers,
The flower of all our horse,
Held Hood's brigade at Carroll's Ford,
Where still it strove to cross.

Four days the stubborn skirmish raged,
The lines still closer grew,
And now the rebels gained a point,
And now the boys in blue,
Until at last the Northern swords
Penned in the footmen gray,
And each side girded for the shock
That won or lost the day.

'Twas scarce a lance's length between
The torn and slippery banks
O'er which our Northern squadrons faced
The hard-pressed Southern ranks,
And where Hood's surly ambush crouched
Along the river's marge,
The pickets brought a prisoner in,
Captured in some brief charge.

This was a stripling trumpeter,
A mere lad, fitter far
To grace some loving mother's hearth
Than these grim scenes of war;
But still with proud defiant mien
He bore his soldier's crest,
And smiled above the shattered arm
That hung upon his breast.

For was not he staff trumpeter
Of Custer's famed brigade?
Did not through him the general speak
In camp or on parade?
'Twas his to form the battle line,
His was the clarion peal
That launched upon the frightened foe
That surging sea of steel.

They bore him to the outer posts,
Within the tangled wood,
Beyond whose shade of chafing steeds
His waiting comrades stood.
They placed a bugle to his lips,
A musket levelled nigh;
“Now, Yankee, sound the loud retreat,”
They whispered, “sound or die!”

The lad looked up a little space;
A lark's song sounded near,
As if to ask why men had brought
Their deeds of hatred here.
High in the blue the south wind swept
A single cloud of foam —
A messenger, it seemed to him,
To bear his last thoughts home.

And turning towards the Northland far,
One sad but steadfast glance,
He placed the bugle to his lips,
And blew the grand “Advance!”
A bullet cut the pæan short;
But ere his senses fled,
He heard that avalanche of hoofs
Thunder above his head.

He saw his comrades' sabres sweep
Resistless o'er the plain,
And knew his trumpet's loyal notes
Had sounded not in vain;
And when they laid him to his rest,
His bugle by his side,
His lips still smiled, for victory
Had kissed them ere he died.

A score of springs have passed since then,
And each has gently spread
Above our scarce-remembered feud
The mantle of its dead.
And where Death's shining sickle mowed
Its bloody swath of slain,
The husbandman of peace now binds
The aftermath of grain,
And pauses when a rough-hewn stone
Bespeaks a reverent glance,
To marvel that its legend bore
That one brave word, "Advance!"

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

AN INNOCENT DRUMMER.

HE bade his wife a tearful good-by.

"My love, my only one! The time will soon be here when I shall be in a position to snap my fingers at fate and set up as my own boss. Then we shall have no more of these cruel partings."

"And you will be true to me?"

"As I always am," he responded. "You did not forget to put that photo you had especially taken for me in my 'gripsack,' did you?"

"Oh, dear, no! Are you sure you will look at it sometimes, love?"

"You wicked little doubter; you know I should be wretched without at least such a precious semblance of my pet to look at daily, nightly."

Draw the veil of charity over his grief and the treachery of one in whom he had such unbounded confidence.

In brief, she, his only love, his pet, his wife, had secretly planned to make him "wretched." She had taken that photograph from his gripsack, and was gloating over his misery when he should discover that only memory remained to him, for the time being, of his darling's looks.

"The dear fellow, how he will scold me for the trick," she thought; "but I will send him the photo in the very first letter." Thus appeasing her conscience, she waited for his first letter.

It came from Chicago.

"My heart's delight," it began. "Got here O. K. this A.M. Have been wrestling with the trade all day, and a tough time I've had of it! Weary and fagged, I have retired to my room, shut out the gilded atmosphere of sin that envelops this terrible city, and taken from my satchel your sweet picture. It is before me as I write. I shall kiss it when I have said my evening prayers. It will rest under my pillow. It is my one solace until I hold you, my sweet wife, in these faithful arms again."

Thus far had she read, then she toppled over on the floor.

What comfort she found there it is hard to say; but a great determination rose with the stricken wife, who went out an hour later and sought a telegraph office.

Her husband had been saying his prayers abroad that evening, and when he got to his hotel about midnight his spiritual emotions received a rude shock by a telegram from his "only love." It was elaborate for a despatch; but under the circumstances one could not expect an outraged wife to transmit her feelings by the slow mail. The despatch read:—

"You are no longer the only drummer who is not a liar, as you have always claimed. Let the fraternity make you their chief in the art. Had you taken the pains even to look for the photo you say your prayers to, you would have discovered that I had—to tease you—removed it. My faith in you is dead, dead!"

The husband clutched his hair.

"What the devil did I write to her, anyway?" he muttered.

After a while his face cleared.

"By Jove! I must have been piling on the taffy. That's what a man gets for trying his best to make

a woman feel good! Poor little dear, what a fume she must be in! Lucky for me she gave her grievance away. What geese women are! Bless her little noddle, her faith shall be resurrected."

Forthwith he telegraphed to a knowing friend:—

"Send me, first mail, photo of my wife. Beg, borrow, steal it somehow. Mum's the word. Will write particulars."

About a week later a drummer, in dignified martyrdom, stood face to face with a stern but very wept-out wife.

She expected to see him meek and humble, but he gazed upon her with scorn, and then passed on to his room in crushing silence.

She was amazed. With quick impulse she followed, thanking Heaven he had not locked her out.

"Well!" she began, with wavering courage, "what have you to say for yourself?"

Coldly, cruelly he looked at her.

"I?" he queried.

"Yes, you."

"Woman, if it were not for the overmastering love I bear you I should never, never look upon you more!"

His face was convulsed with tragic suffering that was balm to her heart to witness, but she only sneered.

"Can you explain the deception you tried to practise upon me?"

"Can you obliterate the insult put upon your husband in that unwomanly despatch? A woman with so little confidence in her husband had better live alone. For my part, I am not only disgusted but disenchanted."

He turned sorrowfully away and bowed his face in his hands. She approached him and laid the letter which had caused her such grief, right under his eyes.

"Read that. Knowing you had no picture of mine, what was I to think?"

"What any intelligent, right-minded wife would have thought; you would have said to yourself, 'He is incapable of deceit; he has my picture, somehow.'"

"But you did not have it."

He looked at her with sad, resigned sorrow. His lips quivered as he murmured, "O woman! without an atom of faith!" Then he put his hand in his pocket and produced her photograph.

"Oh! Darling! Forgive me! You had my picture! This old thing taken long before we were engaged! Why, I didn't know you ever had one of these?"

The restored confidence made her pretty blue eyes swim in tearful joy. She put her arms around him, asking his pardon, caressing even his coat collar.

"My dear," said he, looking into her face with grave but loving reproach, "let this be a warning. Never doubt me again, no matter what appearances may be. I can always look you squarely in the eyes and say, 'I am innocent.'"

And she believed him.

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

COMPANY K.

THERE'S a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered, and blue,
Of very slight value
It may be to you ;
But a crown, jewel-studded,
Could not buy it to-day,
With its letters of honor,
Brave "Company K."

The head that it sheltered
Needs shelter no more.
Dead heroes make holy
The trifles they wore ;
So like chaplet of honor,
Of laurel and bay,
Seems the cap of the soldier
Marked "Company K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly

Its visor beneath,

O'er the work of the Reaper,

Grim Harvester Death!

Let the muster-roll meagre,

So mournfully say,

How foremost in danger

Went "Company K."

Whose footsteps unbroken

Came up to the town

Where rampart and bastion

Looked threateningly down?

Who, closing up breaches,

Still kept on their way,

Till guns, downward pointed

Faced "Company K."

Who faltered or shivered?

Who shunned battle-stroke?

Whose fire was uncertain?

Whose battle-line broke?

Go, ask it of History

Years from to-day,

And the record shall tell you,

Not "Company K."

Though my darling is sleeping
To-day with the dead,
And daisies and clover
Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
As I lay it away,
That battle-worn cap
Lettered "Company K."

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR.

AS RECITED BY HARRY P. KEILY. — *Comedian.*

'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was
there,

Which well-nigh filled Joe's bar-room, on the corner of the
square;

And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The wind
has blown it in."

"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey,
rum, or gin?"

"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the
work —

I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;
In fact, he smiled as tho' he thought he'd struck the proper
place.

"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good
a crowd —

To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink — that's what I want — I'm out of funds
you know.

When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never
slow.

What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held
a sou;

I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks; that's braced me nicely; God bless you
one and all;

Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.

Give you a song? No, I can't do that; my singing days are
past;

My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs
are going fast.

"Say! give me another whiskey, and I tell you what I'll
do —

I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too.

That I was ever a decent man not one of you would think;

But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give us an-
other drink.

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame —

Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame;

Five fingers — there, that's the scheme — and corking whis-
key, too.

Well, here's luck, boys, and, landlord, my best regards to
you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you
how

I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.

As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame, and health,
And but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.

“I was a painter — not one that daubed on bricks and wood,
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good.
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

“I made a picture, perhaps you’ve seen, ’tis called the
‘Chase of Fame.’
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name.

And then I met a woman — now comes the funny part —
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

“Why don’t you laugh? ’Tis funny, that the vagabond
you see
Could ever love a woman, and expect her love for me;
But ’twas so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely
given,
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to
heaven.

“Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you’d
give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of
chestnut hair?
If so, ’twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

“I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across
the way;

And Madeline admired it, and, much to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy
eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month
had flown,
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so, had tarnished, and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you
smile.

I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in
your eye.

Come, laugh, like me; 'tis only babes and women that
should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey, I'll be
glad,

And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me
mad.

Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-
ball score —

You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the bar-room floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond
began

To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture,
dead.

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

A VOYAGE ROUND MY POCKETS.

THERE is no use trying to hide the disgraceful fact — last night I was horribly tight.

Let him without sin throw the first bottle.

How came I so? At an improvised little supper at the Café Anglais — that I know. Afterward — let me see — afterward, I — I can really recall nothing of what took place afterward.

A cloudy curtain has descended upon my memory, like the entr'actes curtain in a fairy extravaganza.

Something did happen — must have happened; that everything proves, especially the fact that I slept in my boots, and have a terrible head on me.

Nice goings-on, indeed. A man of twenty-eight overtaken by champagne like a school-boy out for a holiday! Disgraceful is no name for it.

How on earth am I to find out what happened last night? Suppose I ask the servant! But no; all he could do would be to say at what time I got home this morning. Cuvier, they say, from a single bone could reconstruct an antediluvian animal; let me see if from such point of departure I cannot reconstruct my existence during the last twelve hours.

But where to look for the bone? Happy thought! My pockets . . . I tremble; what shall the harvest be? My purse is — is empty. Devil! Ha, what papers are these? Bill from the Café Anglais; this

must be the most important document. "Salon No. 14"—I could have bet upon; 14 is my favorite room. "Total, 820 francs." We must have been going it, though. How many of us were there, and who were we? Probably some of the boys, but which of them? Let me see if I can identify them? "Huitres Portugaises"—that stands for Lucien; Arcachon oysters, he pretends, are the only ones fit to be eaten. Lucien was there, ten to one. That's one. "Potage à la purée de gibier." If I am not mistaken that soup—I mean that conflagration was suggested by Maxime. That's two. "Filets de sole à la Joinville"—Fernand, who is a thoroughbred Orleanist. "Canetons de Rouen à l'orange"—precisely: Polastron comes from Rouen. "Salade de légumes à la Russe"—Semenoff was there, too. "Bombe à la cardinal"—who the devil was he, anyhow? Let—me—see. I have it: Marcel is Cardinal Donnet's cousin.

Lucien, Maxime, Fernand, Polastron, Semenoff, Marcel, and myself—the party is made up. Any women? Probably there were. Certainly there were, or else these photographs lie most foully in their cards. It is all the fashion for supperesses to distribute their photographs by the pack. That's Henrietta, with her galvanized smile. This is the eternal Jenny, in powder, and smiling over her weather shoulder at the risk of dislocating her neck. And this is—who is she? I don't know that I ever saw her. Singular!

Not so bad-looking is No. 3; in fact, she is rather inclined to be good-looking. Head small and cast in the modern mould; no forehead, very little nose, and a mere suspicion of mouth. Nothing but eyes, but they are glorious. And what lashes! Fair, I take

it; and I am glad she is, though I don't know why. Those little curls on her forehead must look like golden smoke.

Young—a mere child—seventeen at the most. Modest, I judge from her dress, which is puritanically plain and high. What a figure! Our forefathers would have compared her to a willow, but our forefathers never were particularly strong in the matter of similes. No ear-rings, no bracelets. Who the deuce can she have been? Where did she come from, and how did she get there? It is evident that she sat by me—in my quality of *Amphitryon* I can have permitted nothing else. I must have talked with her—made a fool of myself, offended her probably, and then got drunk to drown my sorrow.

Well, in salon No. 14 there were ten of us—three of the sex to which we owe our mothers. So much for the actors; but where is the drama? Let me proceed on my journey through my pockets.

Two cards—"R. de Fayet Moret, lieutenant aux chasseurs à pied;" "Jules Buthot, capitaine du 12^e de ligne." What is the meaning of this? I never knew so many officers in my life.

I have it—there has been a quarrel and we have exchanged cards. That's the drama; one duel, at least; possibly two. But what with, what about, with whom?

What was the provocation? I know that I am abominably quarrelsome when I'm tipsy; but was I challenger or the challenged? That left cheek of mine does look a little swollen; a blow, doubtless. O Lord! There is a pencilled memorandum on the pasteboard of the lieutenant, "Bois de Boulogne—ten o'clock."

Phew! Have I time to get there? O horror! it

is on the stroke of noon. I am a dishonored man — posted as a coward by this time; and who will believe that I overslept myself? I have hardly courage to take another step; but on — on. Let me know the worst.

A handkerchief — fine cambric — a baronial crest in the corner. Young man, you're on the road to the gallows, now; pocket-picking or highway robbery, sure.

(Oh, my poor head, my poor head!)

And where did that nosegay at my buttonhole come from? The little pansies are drooping and the thread is untied. I never can have bought such a trumpery thing from a flower-girl; it was given to me or else I took it. It was given to me, of course. This is the sequel of the story of that little blonde. She gave it to me, knowing I was about to fight — probably to fight for her. That must be it.

My apprehension redoubles. A while ago I wished to know all; now I fear to learn too much.

What if I found —

Why, confound it, this isn't my overcoat!

My overcoat is chestnut-colored and this one has the hue of the Corinthian grape!

I have been travelling round some one else's pockets.

But this not being my overcoat it follows that —

The duel isn't mine;

The bill wasn't mine;

The photographs aren't mine;

The cards weren't given to me;

No more was the bouquet.

And the pretty blonde — she isn't mine.

Nor did I steal the handkerchief.

But — good God! — I must have stolen the overcoat!

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

WOMEN ALL AT SEA.

A CAPTAIN who attempted to teach nauticalism to a party of ladies on a yacht, not long since, fared as follows : —

Lady No. 1. Now, Captain, what is a sloop ?

Capt. A sloop has but one mast.

Lady (pointing to a schooner). Is that a sloop ?

C. No ; that is a schooner. A sloop has but one mast, a schooner has two, as you see. Now remember — sloop one mast, schooner two.

L. Certainly. How many masts has a ship ?

C. Three.

L. How many masts did you say a sloop had ?

C. One. Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three.

L. (pointing to a sloop). Is that a schooner ?

C. No ; that's a sloop. Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three.

L. Oh yes ! I remember ; (pointing to a ship) isn't that a pretty schooner ?

C. That's not a schooner, that's a ship. Don't you see it has three masts ?

L. Oh, yes ! Isn't that a schooner lying at the wharf there ?

C. Schooner ! Now, how many masts has that vessel ?

L. Three.

C. Well, what has three masts?

L. A — a sloop.

C. Sloop! A sloop has one mast, I tell you, schooner two, ship three.

Lady No. 2. Why, Jane, how stupid you are! A sloop always has one mast.

L. (chatty and quite oblivious of stupidity). What is a brig?

C. A brig has two masts, and is rigged like a ship with square sails.

L. No. 2. Jane, look at this sloop coming along!

C. That's a schooner. Don't you see the two masts? Sloop one mast, schooner two masts, ship three masts.

L. Are those schooners there with three masts?

C. Yes.

L. I thought you said a schooner had but one mast.

C. Two, two masts. Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three.

L. But that schooner has three masts.

C. Well, that is a three-masted schooner.

L. Then a schooner can have any number of masts?

C. No; sloop one mast, schooner two and sometimes three masts, ship three masts.

L. I'm sure I can't make it out. It's awfully puzzling. What is a bark?

C. (unable any longer to popularize nautical science, falls back on technical expressions). Vessel with two masts ship rigged and one mast sloop rigged, square sails on fore and main mast, and fore and aft sails on the mizzen.

L. "Mizzen?" What's mizzen?

C. Last mast aft, Madame.

L. "Aft?" What's the aft?

C. The stern, Madame.

L. I am sure I can't make it out. Is that a sloop?
(Pointing to a schooner.)

C. No, it's a schooner. Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three.

L. How many masts has a man-o'-war?

C. Three.

L. Well, what is the difference between a man-o'-war and a smack?

C. (groans and is silent).

L. What are those sticks across the masts of that schooner, Captain?

C. That's not a schooner. Schooner two masts, ship three, sloop one. That's a ship. Those are the yards that hold the sails.

L. Oh!

C. (encouraged). Now, the first yard on the fore mast is the fore yard, the second is the fore top sail yard, the third is the fore top gallant yard.

L. What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?

C. Great Scott! That — that's not a schooner; it's a sloop. Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three. What you call her yard is her mast.

Lady No. 2. Certainly, Jane! How stupid you are! Captain, what are the names of those other masts on that schooner's yards you were pointing out to us?

C. (———!!!!).

Lady No. 2. Captain, where are the lubbers?

C. (wishing he could tell). Up there on that ship's masts near the tops.

L. Near the top of the masts of that sloop?

C. No, no, further down. Where the futtock shrouds fasten. No, no, not that vessel; a schooner has no lubbers (except this one, and they're on deck).

L. Isn't that a pretty ship sailing along?

C. Ship! That's an old tub of a schooner, ma'am.
Schooner two masts, ship three, sloop one, I tell you.

L. Can a sloop have two masts?

C. Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three.

L. How many masts has a ship, Captain?

C. Ship three masts, schooner two, sloop one.

L. Well, I can't make it out. Let me see.
Schooner three, ship two — no, no — *ship*, three —
no, one — sloop three, schooner two — three.

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

GIMLET *vs.* CORKSCREW.

THE bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Throcton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt, and proceeded to put on the new one. He must bore some new holes, and Mrs. Throcton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woodshed, slamming doors and pulling out drawers, and kicking the furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs and called down:—

“Richard, do you want anything?”

“Yes, I do!” he yelled back. “I want to know where in Texas that corkscrew is?”

“Corkscrew, Richard?”

“Yes, corkscrew, Richard! I’ve looked the house over, and can’t find it.”

“Why, we never had one, Richard.”

“Didn’t, eh? We’ve had a dozen of ’em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It’s always the way when I want anything.”

“But you must be out of your head, Richard,” she said, as she descended the stairs. “We’ve kept house seven years, and I never remember of seeing you bring a corkscrew home.”

“Oh, yes, I’m out of my head, I am!” he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing-machine drawer and

turned over its contents. "Perhaps I'd better go to the lunatic asylum right away."

"Well, Richard, I know that I've never seen a corkscrew in this house."

"Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six! The house is always upside down, anyhow, and I never can find anything."

"The house is as well kept as any of your folks can keep one," she retorted, growing red in the face.

"I'd like my mother here to show you a few things," he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.

"Perhaps she'd boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!" answered the wife.

"Do you know whom you are talking to?" he yelled as he jumped down.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, you'll be going for York State if you don't look out."

"I'd like to see myself! When I go this house goes!"

"Look out, Nancy!"

"I'm afraid of no man that lives, Richard Throcton!"

"I'll leave you!"

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

Going close up to her he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his words, and slowly said, —

"Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we'd never had one in the house — which is a base falsehood, as I can prove!"

"Gimlet!" she gasped.

"Yes, gimlet!"

"Why, I know where there are three or four. You said corkscrew."

"Did I?" he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table. "Well, now, I believe I did!"

"And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!" she sobbed, falling on the lounge.

"Nancy," he said tenderly, lifting her up.

"O Richard!" she chokingly answered.

"Nancy, I'll go right out doors and kill myself!"

"No, you needn't — I love you still! — only — only — you know a gimlet is not a corkscrew!"

"It ain't — it ain't, Nancy; forgimme, and less be happy."

And that household is so quietly happy that a canary bird would sing its head off if it hung up in the hall.

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

KELLEY'S DREAM.

BY J. W. KELLEY.

ABOUT a week ago I was invited by an old-time friend of mine

To come up to his residence and test his beer and wine ;
We ate a lobster salad and a lot of other truck,
And drank each other's health until the hour of three
had struck —

Well, we drank until we didn't know which was wine
or beer,

Till our heads felt rather heavy and our brains not
very clear.

Well, I got home, I didn't know how ; my prayers I
think I said ;

But, anyhow, I was paralyzed when I got into bed.

Well, I died and went to heaven ; I saw that repentance
was now for me too late,

When suddenly I was ushered before the golden gate.

" Well, what will you have ? " said Peter ; " don't you
know you can't get in ?

For you must surely suffer the greedy glutton's sin."

Then I turned aside and said no more, and hung my
head in shame,

And Peter's clerk stood close by and wrote "lost"
against my name.

Next came an Italian, one whom I knew well,

So I stopped and listened patiently to the story he
might tell.

"Gooda Father Petro, I comina to you at last.
 My peanutta days are overa anda my banana nights
 are past;
 I treata my neighbora like myself, no begga, no robba,
 no steal;
 And nevera on the sidewalka I throwa the banana
 peel."
 "You get out!" said Peter, "your gains were ill-
 begotten;
 Your peanut-shells were empty, and your bananas oft-
 times rotten."
 The Italian turned away, and a tear was in his eye;
 He came and stood behind me, and heaved a heavy
 sigh.
 Next came an aged Hebrew with a satchel in his hand,
 And before the gate and old St. Peter the "sheeny"
 took his stand.
 "Ah, Father Peter, I vill tell you vat hi vill do:
 Hi haf got jewelry fit for angels hi vill auction hoff
 for you.
 Hi could sell dem on the instalment plan, but that
 would be a sin;
 So hi vill give them to you at half price, if you vill
 only let me in.
 On earth hi kept a clothing-store, my goots were neat
 and strong,
 And to show you hi had an overcoat hi forgot to fetch
 along."
 "Then you did well," said Peter, "for very well you
 know
 There'll be little use for overcoats where you will
 have to go."
 So the Hebrew turned aside, and, as he was a friend
 of mine,
 Just like me and the "dago," he sashaad into line.

Next came an old maid, one bound to have her say ;
 And she began addressing Peter in this peculiar way :
 "Oh, goodness, gracious me, here I am, after gossiping
 many a year;
 So open the gate and let me in, I will be catching cold
 out here.
 Give me a first-class pair of wings, a silver shield, and
 then
 I won't be afraid of the naughty, naughty men."
 "No," Peter answered blandly, "no angels have gray
 hair,
 And you have no sons or daughters, so you would be
 a stranger there."
 The poor old maiden wilted; she must evermore
 repine,
 And, just like me and all the rest, she waddled into
 line.
 Next came a German, now paralyzed with fear,
 Who on earth oftimes paralyzed his customers with
 beer.
 "Vell, Fadder Beter, I come to you free from sin,
 Und I vill only ask you ein favor. Das is: If yu
 vill let me in.
 Mein vife she runned away from me; to hide mein
 shame I cried,
 So I vent down by the river und committed suicide."
 "Then you begone," said Peter, "and suffer thy
 disgrace.
 You came before I sent for you; I cannot make a
 place."
 The German turned away and said: "Oh, Gott! oh,
 mein!"
 And, just like me and all the rest, took his place in
 line.

Next came poor Paddy, a son of Erin's Isle,
 And greeted old St. Peter with a very gracious smile.
 "Ha, ha! Is it yerself, St. Peter, looking so nice and
 swate,
 So get yer clark to let me in and show me to me sate."
 "Hold!" cried Peter, "your case, like all the rest,
 must first be tried.
 You will have to show a passport before you get
 inside."
 "But hurry up," said Paddy, "or for supper I'll be
 late."
 And purposely he took his old slouch-hat and threw
 it inside the gate.
 "Go, get thy hat," said Peter, "thou sacrilegious
 lout."
 So Paddy went in and slammed the gate and locked
 St. Peter out.
 Then, through the keyhole, loud he cried: "I'm
 master now, ye see,
 But I'll give up heaven, gate, and crown, if ye'll set
 ould Ireland free."
 I then awoke and found my head between the bed
 and wall;
 The sheets got tangled around my feet; 'twas that
 lobster did it all.

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

THE BISHOP AND THE CATERPILLAR.

Copyright, 1894, by W. H. Baker & Co.

THE Bishop sat in the Schoolmaster's chair;
The Rector and Curates two were there;
 The Doctor, the Squire,
 The heads of the choir,
And the gentry around of degree,
A highly distinguished company;
For the Bishop was greatly beloved in his See.
 And here below,
 A goodly show,
Their faces with soap and with pleasure aglow,
Sat the dear little schoolchildren, row upon row;
For the Bishop had said ('twas the death-blow to
 schism),
He would hear those dear children their catechism.
 And then to complete
 The pleasure so sweet,
Of those nice little children so pretty and neat,
He'd invited them to a magnificent treat.
And filled were the minds of these dear little ones
With visions of cakes and of "gay Sally Luns,"
Of oceans of tea, and unlimited buns.

Now the Bishop arises, and waves his hand,
And the children prepared for his questions stand.
With benignant glance he gazed around, —
You might have heard the slightest sound;

With dignified mien and solemn look
He slowly opened his ponderous book,
And proceeded at once the knowledge to try
Of those nice little children standing by.

Each child knew its name,
And who gave it the same,
And all the rest of the questions profound
Which his lordship was pleased to the school to
propound.
Nor less did secular knowledge abound ;
And the Bishop, at last, completely astounded, cried,
In a tone of pride,
"You bright little dears, no questions can trouble
you ;
You've spelled knife with a k, and wrong with a w.

And now that my pleasing task's at an end,
I trust you will make of me a friend.
You've answered my questions, and 'tis but fair
That I in replying should take a share ;
So if there is aught you would like to know,
Pray ask me about it before I go.
I'm sure it would give me the greatest of pleasure
To add to your knowledge.
So do not feel

Afraid or shy,
But boldly try,
Which is the cleverer, you or I !"
And a murmur went round of "How condescending !"

But one bright little boy did not care a jot
If his lordship were condescending or not ;
For with scarce a pause
For the sounds of applause,

He raised his head,
And abruptly said,
“How many legs has a Caterpillar got?”

Now, the Bishop was a learned man,
But his knowledge in that particular line
Was less than yours, and no greater than mine;
And except that he knew the creature could crawl,
He knew nothing about its legs at all —
Whether the number were great or small;
So he felt in a pretty considerable fix.
But resolving his ignorance to hide,
In measured tones he thus replied: —

“The Caterpillar, my dear little boy,
Is an emblem of life and a vision of joy.
It bursts from its shell on a bright green leaf,
It knows no care and it feels no grief.”
Then he turned to the Rector and whispered low,
“Mr. Rector, how many? You surely must know.”
But the Rector gravely shook his head;
He hadn't the slightest idea, he said.
So the Bishop turned to the class again,
And in tones paternal took up the strain:
“The Caterpillar, dear children, see,
On its bright green leaf from care lives free;
And it eats and eats, and grows bigger and bigger —
Perhaps the Curates can state the figure.”
But the Curates couldn't; the Bishop went on,
Though he felt that another chance was gone.
“So it eats and eats, and grows and grows,
(Just ask the schoolmaster if he knows).”
But the schoolmaster said that that kind of knowl-
edge
Was not the kind he learned in college.

“And when it has eaten enough, then soon
 It spins for itself a soft cocoon.
 And then it becomes a chrysalis, —
 I wonder which child can spell me this ?
 It's rather a difficult word to spell,
 (Just ask the schoolmistress if she can tell).”
 But the schoolmistress said, as she shook her gray
 curls,
 “She considered such things were not proper for
 girls.”

The word was spelled, and spelled quite right,
 Those nice little boys were so awfully bright,
 And the Bishop began to get into a fright.
 His face grew red — it was formerly white ;
 And the hair on his head stood nearly upright.
 He was almost inclined to take refuge in flight ;
 But he thought that would be too shocking a sight.
 He was at his wits' end, nearly, not quite,
 For the Pupil Teachers caught his eye.
 He thought they might know, at least he would try ;
 Then he anxiously waited for their reply.
 But the teachers were just enjoying the fun,
 And wouldn't have told if they could have done.
 So he said to the Beadle, “Go down in the street,
 And stop all the people you chance to meet.

I don't care who

Any one will do, —

The old woman selling lollipops,
 The little boys playing with marbles and tops,
 Or respectable people who deal at the shops,
 The crossing-sweeper, the organ-grinder,
 Or the fortune-teller, if you can find her.

Ask any or all,
 Short or tall,

Great or small, it matters not,
How many legs has a Caterpillar got ? ”
So the Bishop again put on a smile,
And the children, who had been waiting meanwhile,
In their innocent hearts, imagined these

Remarks applied

To the mighty affairs of the diocese.

“The Caterpillar is doomed to sleep
For months, a slumber long and deep.

Brown and dead

It looks, 'tis said.

It never even requires to be fed ;
And except that sometimes it waggles its head,
Your utmost efforts would surely fail
To distinguish the creature's head from its tail.

“But one morning in spring,
When the birds loudly sing,
And the earth is gay with blossoming,

When violets blue

Are wet with dew,

And the skies wear the sweetest cerulean hue,

When on all is seen

The brightest sheen,

When the daisies are white and the grass is green,

Then the chrysalis breaks,

The insect awakes,

To the realms of air its way it makes.

It did not die,

It soars on high,

A bright and beauteous butterfly.”

Here he paused and wiped a tear from his eye.

The Beadle was quietly passing by,

And, perceiving the lecture had reached its close,

Whispered softly and sadly, “Nobody knows.”

The Bishop saw his last hope was vain;
 But to make the best of it he was fain.
 "Dear children, we ever should be
 Prepared to learn from all we see,
 And beautiful thoughts of home and joy
 Fill the heart, I know, of each girl and boy.
 Oh! ponder on these, and you will not care
 To know the exact allotted share
 Of legs the creature possessed at birth,
 When it crawled, a mean worm, on this lowly earth;
 Yet, if you know it, you now may tell, —
 Your answers so far have pleased me well."

Then he looked around with benignant eye,
 Nor long did he wait for the reply;
 For the bright little boy with the countenance gay
 Said, "Six; for I counted them yesterday."

MORAL.

To all who have children under their care,
 Of two things, I pray you, beware.
 Don't give them too many "unlimited buns,"
 Don't pretend that you know everything under the
 sun,
 Though your schooldays are ended, and theirs but
 begun;
 But honestly say when the case is so,
 "This thing, my dear children, I do not know;"
 For they really must learn, either slower or speedier,
 That you're not a walking Encyclopædia.

ANON.

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

ONE OF JOB'S COMFORTERS.

BY BELLE MARSHALL LOCKE.

WALK in, Mr. Sickleton, and take a seat ; I declare you look about ready tew drop ! You don't think you're going tew faint, dew ye ? You're powerful pale ! Here, fan yourself with this palm-leaf — wait till I blow the dust off — there ! That fan hain't been used sence my grandson died. I fanned him with it till the very last. I told Mis' Gabbles, when I heerd you was a-goin' to preach at the Centre, that I'd invite you here tew stay over night, for I knew how kinder miserable you was.

Not really sick, only nervous, hey ? Don't tell me that ! Didn't I know your father and your grandfather before ye ? Didn't they both die of consumption ? I tell you, Job Sickleton, that cough of yours means somethin' !

But, then, it don't matter to you, bein' a minister, when you go, for you're allays prepared. Well, well, well (*sighs*), if you dew die young you'll miss a lot of trouble. I know as well as anybody how hard a young minister's life is, and I told Mis' Judkins last

week, "Don't let me hear you say another word agin Job Sickleton! He's a-doin' his best; an' if he hain't as smart as Mr. Hustles, it hain't because he don't try."

You don't look comfortable. That chair hain't very easy, is it? Here, try this one. I allays hated that air rocker, sence Belindy Hicks tipped over in it an' broke her spine. I've threatened tew give it away more'n once, but I kinder hate to part with it, 'cause it recalls Belindy an' her sufferin's.

Speakin' of Belindy, I heerd you was a kinder steppin' up tew her second cousin, Hope Meekins. Is that so? You dew admire the gal, hey? Don't you dew it! You listen tew me and heed my words! That gal comes from an extravagant family; and wuss still, her grandmother was a ravin' loonatic. I've noticed a wild kind of look in Hope's eyes, sometimes. Then, tew, a person in consumption shouldn't think of marryin'. Jest think, if you should die and leave her with a hull houseful of leetle children!

Tired, an' guess you'll retire, hey? Jest walk right up-stairs, this way. This room hain't been opened sence Ebenezer died. He dropped down in a fit right on that rug, where you stand, an' never spoke a word arter. 'Twas a dreadful blow, I tell you!

My first husband died in that armchair by the window. He had a shock. I left him a-readin', an' went down-stairs tew make some biscuits, an' when I

came back he was dead. Oh dear, dear, dear, what a world this is, tew be sure! Aunt Tabitha died on that lounge; an' sometimes when I come in here of an evenin' it seems as if I could hear her groan, an' see them big starin' black eyes of hern.

There was a woman hung herself in that closet, jest afore we moved in. Poor creature! She was jealous of her husband. My gal Melissy slep' here once, an' she came a-yellin' down-stairs in the dead o' night, an' declared that some one was a-sobbin' in that closet. It might 'a' been the wind in that old pine-tree, for it does make an awful lonesome kind of noise. Pa died in that very bed you'll sleep in to-night. Yes, indeed, this room is full of tender associations. It's like a family lot tew me, and there hain't many folks I'd let sleep here.

Good-night, Mr. Sickleton. I hope you'll sleep well, an' if you should hear any strange noises, don't let it disturb you; dead folks can't hurt any one, you know.

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

BY E. E. TEN EYCK.

WERE you ever left alone for an hour with a child? Not one of these pale, spirituelle children that we read about, who talk with horrible grammatical accuracy, and know more than an average philosopher, but a bright, healthy, rebellious child, who believes that butterflies were created to stick pins through, and that the best use a fly can be put to is to mash him in the corner of a window pane.

In fact, the common child of eight years old.

I was placed in such a fix the other Sunday afternoon. I was visiting my sister, and she and her husband went to church. In vain they tried to induce me to go, but somehow the green grass, the fleecy sky, and the balmy breath of the summer's breeze seemed far more preferable.

"Well," decided my sister, "if you will stay home — you can take care of Freddie."

By way of explanation, let me remark that Freddie is my sister's only boy, the light of her eyes, and the pride of her heart. I fondly believe she intends him for the ministry. If she does, she will make a mistake. It is my firm conviction that Freddie was cut out for a first-class pirate.

So it was decided that I should take care of Freddie. I had taken care of Freddie before. I think, with-

out exaggeration, that I should have preferred being appointed guardian over several hyenas and a ferocious bear.

I determined to chain Freddie to my side.

I knew that if I didn't, he would either stroll down to the barn and try to chop his fingers off with the hay-cutter, or else fall into the cistern. Falling into the cistern was a temptation irresistible to Freddie.

After his parents had departed, leaving Freddie richer by a score of kisses, I called him to my side, where I lay, pipe in hand, on the close-cropped grass, beneath the shade of a grand old tree.

"Freddie," asked I, "don't you want to hear a story?"

"Ye-s," doubtfully responded Freddie; "say, Uncle Ed, what makes you have so many pimples on your face?"

I hastily replied that it was goodness cropping out. All good men were apt to have pimples.

"What sort of a story would you like to hear, Freddie?" continued I.

"Want to hear about giants who eat bad little boys," answered he, with unexpected celerity.

Owing to the nature of the day, I told him that giant stories were positively debarred.

"Let me tell you about Daniel in the lions' den," I hurriedly said. "Once upon a time there was a good man named Daniel."

"Daniel who?" asked Freddie.

"Just Daniel."

"Daniel what?"

Somewhat impatiently I said that I did not know what his last name was. I had never studied Daniel's family tree.

"Did he have a glass eye like old Daniel Riley?" Freddie queried.

Hastily I said "No," and went on with the story.

"Daniel was carried away from Jerusalem by a wicked king."

"What was he carried in?"

"I don't know, Freddie."

"Was it a horse-car?"

"No."

"Steamboat?"

"No."

"Did he walk himself?"

"I guess so."

"Who carried him?"

"The wicked king."

"What wicked king?"

"Nebuchadnezzar."

"Neboch — who?"

"Nebuchadnezzar."

"Who was he?"

"The wicked king."

"What did he do?"

"Carried Daniel into captivity."

"What Daniel?"

I had to begin all over again. I said it slow, so as to impress Freddie.

"Nebuchadnezzar," resumed I, "was so pleased with Daniel's goodness that he made him his favorite."

"Was he good?" Freddie asked.

"Very."

"Never cried when his nurse washed him?"

"Well — hardly ever."

"Who was pleased because he was so good?"

"Nebuchadnezzar."

"Who was he?"

"The wicked king."

"What did he do?"

"Carried away Daniel, I told you."

"What Daniel?"

"Freddie," expostulated I, "why don't you pay attention? I told you three times now who Daniel was."

"Oh!" exclaimed Freddie, "go on. You've got a hole in your stocking, Uncle Ed."

"Nebuchadnezzar," I began again, not noticing Freddie's personal interpolation, "was so pleased with Daniel" —

"Ho!" interrupted Freddie, with a snicker, "I know about Nebuchadnezzar."

"What do you know?"

"Nebuchadnezzar — king of the Jews,
Put on his stockings, and pulled off his shoes,"

sneeringly he chanted, with a face as grave as a tombstone.

I gasped on with my story.

"Daniel," I said, "would not do wrong to please the king; so the wicked king had him thrown into the den of fierce lions."

"Did the lions belong to Barnum's circus?" asked Freddie.

"No; they were the king's."

"What king's?"

"Nebuchadnezzar's."

"Who was he?"

"Daniel's master."

"What Daniel?"

"The good man."

"Was he put into the lions' den?"

"Yes."

"Whose lions were they?"

"Nebuchadnezzar's."

"Did they bite?"

"No, they would not bite Daniel."

"Why not — didn't they have teeth like old Mrs. Peters? Billy Smith calls her gummy."

I told Freddie that it was very sinful to speak in such terms of the aged, and that Billy Smith's future career was apt to end in a wicked way.

"Although the king expected to see Daniel torn to pieces, yet he was not," related I; "they crouched before him."

"Who crouched?"

"The lions."

"Who did they crouch before?"

"Him."

"Who's him — Billy Smith?"

"No, Daniel."

"What Daniel?"

"The good man."

"What good man?"

"Daniel."

"Daniel who?"

Utterly despairing, I began a violent lecture to Freddie about the absolute necessity of his paying attention. In the midst I stopped. I suddenly became aware Freddie was missing. He had faded suddenly away.

Five minutes later I beheld Freddie out in the dirtiest part of the barnyard, trying to shear the biggest cow with his mother's pet pair of toilet scissors.

"Uncle Ed's stories ain't no good," I heard him confide to the placid and utterly unmoved animal. "I think it's because he's got a crooked nose — don't you?"

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

UNCLE NATE'S FUNERAL.

"It was not at all like those you see of ordinary men,
It was such as never could occur, excepting now and
then ;

For Uncle Nate had studied hard upon it night and
day,

And planned it all — while yet alive — in his peculiar
way.

"I've managed other men's remains," he said, with
quiet tone,

"And now I'll make a first-class try to regulate my
own."

And so, a month before his death, he wrote the details
down,

For friends to print, when he was dead, and mail
throughout the town.

The paper said : "I've figured close, and done the best
I knew,

To have a good large funeral, when this short life was
through ;

I've thought about it night and day, I've brooded o'er
the same,

Until it almost seemed a task to wait until it came,
Especially as my good wife has wandered on ahead,

And all the children we possessed have many years
been dead ;

And now I'll tell you what I want my friends and foes
to do —

I'm sorry that I can't be here to push th' arrangement
through.

“I do not want to hire a hearse, with crape around it
thrown ;

I'm social like, and am not used to riding round alone.
Bring my old wagon into which the children used to
climb,

Until I've taken on a drive full twenty at a time ;
We've loafed along the country roads for many pleas-
ant hours,

And they have scampered far and near, and picked the
freshest flowers ;

And I would like to have them come, upon my burial
day,

And ride with me, and talk to me, and sing along the
way.

“I want my friend the minister — the best of preacher
folks,

With whom I've argued, prayed, and wept, and swapped
a thousand jokes —

To talk a sermon to the friends, and make it sweet,
but strong ;

And recollect, I don't believe in speeches over-long.

And tell him, notwithstanding all his eloquence and
worth,

'Twon't be the first time I have slept when he was holding forth.

I'd like two texts ; and one shall be by Bible covers pressed,

And one from outside that shall read : ' He did his level best.'

" And any one I've given help — to comfort or to save —

Just bring a flower or sprig of green and throw it in the grave.

Please have a pleasant, social time around the subscriber's bier,

And no one but mine enemies must shed a single tear.

You simply say : ' Old Uncle Nate, whatever may befall,

Is having probably to-day the best time of us all !

He is shaking hands, two at a time, with several hundred friends,

And giving us who stay behind good gilt-edged recommends ! ' "

They tried to follow all the rules that Uncle Nate laid down ;

When he was dead they came to him from every house in town ;

The children did their best to sing, but could not quite be heard ;

The parson had a sermon there, but did not speak a word.

Of course they buried him in flowers, and kissed him
as he lay,
For not a soul in all that town but he had helped some
way ;
But when they tried to mould his mound without the
tears' sweet leaven,
There rose loud sobs that Uncle Nate could almost
hear in heaven.

HE LOVED TO STEAL.

AN amusing incident occurred in one of our Down-East churches a few months ago. The clergyman gave out the hymn :—

“ I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hour of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.”

The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon good old Deacon M——, who commenced, “ I love to steal,” and then broke down. Raising his voice a little higher, he then sung, “ I love to steal.” As before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and, deploring that he had not his “ pitch-tuner,” he determined to succeed if he died in the attempt. By this time all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, while the faces of the “ young ones ” were all in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, “ I love to steal.” This effort was too much. Every one but the eccentric parson was laughing. He arose, and with the utmost coolness said, “ Seeing our brother’s propensities, let us pray.” It is needless to say that but few of the congregation heard the prayer.—*A Parson’s Note-book.*

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

FRA ILDEFONSO'S GUEST.

FRA ILDEFONSO one spring evening stood
Without the convent gate, and felt it good
To watch the shadows steal with subtle grace
Across the pavement of the market-place.
The great cathedral's shadow lay before
The good man's eyes, and made upon the floor
A silhouette of nave and roof and spire,
Which, as the sun sank lower, mounted higher,
Until there stole to Ildefonso's side
The shadow of the cross.

“And thus,” he cried,
“Thy Cross, O Lord, o’ershadows everything,
And the wide world is covered by Thy wing!
Praise to Thy name!”

Then, while the light still burned
Upon the far off hills, the good man turned
Within the gates, and in his lodge sat down,
Hearing meanwhile the murmur of the town,
That like the hum of insects in the shade
Came from the streets where happy children played,
And made fit concord with the silent prayer
Which Ildefonso formed as he sat there.

For ’twas the good man’s habit every day
Within his porter’s lodge to while away

The evening hours in meditation deep
 Upon his Lord, that haply he might keep
 Less worthy thoughts from out his secret mind.
 Upon this night he thought :

“ One thing I find,
 And only one, in all I know of Him
 Whose Light fills all the world and ne’er grows dim,
 Which I should like to alter, and ’tis this :
 That I might have the great, ineffable bliss
 Of seeing Him ! Oh, that I had but been
 Some humble Jew or lowly Nazarene
 In those days when the Eastern land He trod
 ’Mongst those who in His Person saw not God !
 Am I doing wrong in longing for a sight
 Of Him whose Face I see by Faith’s great light ?
 Ah, Lord, I trust to see Thee in that day
 When earth and time shall both have passed away,
 And Thou Thyself shalt make Thy children blest
 Because Thy glory shall be manifest.
 And yet I long all day to see Thy Face,
 And think full oft how this poor, humble place
 Would be transformed into a court of Heaven
 If Thy dear Presence to it once were given !
 Well, thanks to Thee, one comfort still is mine :
 I know Thee near in Sacrament Divine !
 And if aught troubles me or brings me low,
 To seek Thy Feet I have not far to go ;
 And howe’er sad I am, my sadness flies
 When I behold Thy Presence with Faith’s eyes.
 I will go now, and at Thy Altar pray,
 And speak with Thee.” 54

But as he turned away

There came a ringing at the convent bell;
And Ildefonso said: "I know full well
That this is one who rings from want and need
And seeks a night's repose; because, indeed,
'Tis only beggars ring so modestly."

Then, opening wide the door that he might see
Who rang the bell, the good man saw outside
A beggar, gaunt and starved and hollow-eyed,
Who looked as though the world had used him ill
For many days, and tossed him at its will
About its byways.

Ildefonso said:

"Come in, good man; for thee is board and bed.
Thou seem'st as one whose need is great, and we,
Who serve the Master, have a place for thee."

Therewith he brought the weary man a chair,
And made swift haste to place the convent fare
Before him on the table, all the while
Thinking unto himself with happy smile
How good a thing it is to serve God's poor,
And how God's glory is increased the more
By little acts of charity that flow
From out the heart.

And, while he pondered so
The stranger rose, and blessed and brake the bread;
And suddenly around his toil-worn head

A halo came, and all the place grew bright
 With radiance that was not of earthly light !
 Fra Ildefonso, falling on his knees,
 Heard a voice say : " In doing it unto these
 Ye do it unto Me. Thou wishest well
 To see Me on this earth ; but when the bell
 Tells thee some beggar stands outside the door
 Know it is I, in person of My poor."

Fra Ildefonso raised his reverent head,
 And lo ! the Lord had blessed him and was fled.

J. S. FLETCHER, in the *London Month.*

ANOTHER VICTIM.

SNUGLY they sit, close side by side,
 Before the glowing grate,
 In cushioned armchairs, deep and wide,
 In cosey *tête-à-tête*.

The whitening corn-popper he shakes
 Above the ruddy coals,
 While she its foamy contents takes,
 And fills the heaping bowls.

He shakes and shakes with earnest zeal,
 Pausing, as you infer,
 A moment now and then to steal
 A sidelong glance at her.

" Do you like corn ? " he asks, quite shy,
 Once when the popper stops,
 " Oh, yes," says she, " Do you know — I —
 Like anything that pops."

BAKER'S A. B. C. LEAFLETS.

THE SWISS GOOD-NIGHT.

Now sombre-hued twilight adown the Swiss valley
Her soft, dewy mantle has silently spread;
Still kissed by the sun-rays, how grandly and brightly
The snowy crowned summits lift far overhead!

'Tis the sweet "Alpine hour," when night is descending

To brood o'er the homes where the cottagers dwell;
And the sweet "Ranz des Vaches" no longer is
blending

With silence — 'tis evening, the time of farewell.

And yet once again the huntsman is taking

His trumpet-toned horn from its hook o'er the
door.

Hark! All the rapt silence its music is waking —

"PRAISE THE LORD GOD EVERMORE! — EVERMORE!"

Clear, sharp, and distinct down the mountains repeating,

In solemn succession voice answereth voice,
Till e'en the lost chamois will hush his wild bleating,

And the heart of the forest awake and rejoice.

Still higher and higher the anthem is ringing;
It rolls like a pæan of triumph above,
Till ev'ry grand summit and tall peak is singing,
While bathed in the smile and the halo of love!

O magical hour! O soul-offered duty!
So solemn, instructive, its noble refrain;
What an exquisite scene, when God's rainbow of
beauty
Speaks the language of promise to mortals again!

And when all the glory of sunset has faded
From cloud-piercing heights, and the stars twinkle
out,
How mellow the echo of "Good-night," repeated
To ev'ry lone dwelling with musical shout!

The chain of affection to God and each other
So perfectly linking and welding aright,
When fondly the accents, "Hail neighbor and
brother!"
Melt in the broad air with, "Good-night, friend,
g-o-o-d-n-i-g-h-t."

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

CHILD. Mother, I want a piece of cake.

MOTHER. I haven't got any; it's all gone.

CHILD. I know there's some in the cupboard; I
saw it when you opened the door.

MOTHER. Well, you don't need any more. Cake hurts children.

CHILD. No, it don't (*whining*). I do want a piece. Mother, mayn't I have a piece?

MOTHER. Be still! I can't get up now. I'm busy.

CHILD (*crying aloud*). I want a piece of cake! I want a piece of cake!

MOTHER. Be still, I say! I sha'n't give you a bit if you don't leave off crying.

CHILD (*still crying*). I want a piece of cake! I want a piece of cake!

MOTHER (*rising hastily, and reaching a piece*). There! take that; and hold your tongue! Eat it up quick. There's Ben coming. Don't tell him you have had some cake, now.

(*BEN enters.*)

CHILD. I've had a piece of cake, Ben; you can't have any.

BEN. Yes, I will. Mother, give me a piece.

MOTHER (*very cross*). There, take that! It seems as if I never could keep a bit of anything in the house. You'll see, sir, if I give you any another time.

(*Another room.*)

CHILD. I've had a piece of cake.

YOUNGER SISTER. Oh, I want some, too.

CHILD. Well, you *bawl*, and mother'll give you a bit. I did.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

TIME. A beautiful day in June.

PLACE. The parlor of an elegant mansion on one of the avenues of Brooklyn.

PERSONS. Mr. George Sinclair, cashier of the Blank Bank, a tall, handsome young fellow, fashionably attired; and Miss Alice Somerville, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant.

GEORGE had been waiting upon Alice for some time, and he loved her with his whole heart; but, as often happens in such cases, he found difficulty in saying so. On this beautiful afternoon, however, he had resolved to know his fate. So after a few commonplace remarks about the weather, the last party, etc., he took the lady's little hand in his own, and said, "Alice, I love you. I have loved you since I first beheld your face. I have often desired to tell you so, but I have been too diffident. Now, dearest, hear my vow. I love you better than" —

"Fresh whitefish!" shouted a fish-peddler, as he rattled by in his rickety vehicle.

George was naturally very much put out by this sudden interruption, and Alice was obliged to try hard to conceal the smiles which rippled over her face and beamed from her lovely eyes. But our hero was determined to have it out now at all hazards; so he went on, "I love you, Alice, better than my

own existence. You alone are the idol of my soul. When I gaze on your pearly cheek I think of" —

"Soap fat! Soap fat!" roared a stout Irishman with an immense kettle on his head.

George bit his lip, but said, "I think of the pure and glistening snow. Your sweet voice never fails to awaken a responsive chord in my heart; and when I hear you sing that lovely ballad commencing" —

"Umbrellas to mend! Umbrellas to mend!" shouted a lame man as he gazed up at the open windows.

"When you sing 'Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,' it seems as if an angel voice were whispering music to my soul. O darling, say that my affection is reciprocated. I will dress you in" —

"Rags! Rags! old Rags!" said a red-headed boy, as he pushed his cart along the street.

This was too much for the gravity of the young lady, and she laughed long and heartily.

George wiped the moisture from his forehead and continued, —

"I meant to say, dear Alice, before that infer — I beg your pardon — I mean before that brawling ragman interrupted me, that I would dress you like a queen. Don't refuse me — say you will be my wife."

Alice, who really loved the handsome young fellow, replied, as she twisted her ring, "George, if I were sure that you really meant what you have been telling me, I might be tempted to give my consent."

"O Alice, can you doubt my love? I swear by" —

"Kindlin' wood! Kindlin' wood!" suggested a

cross-eyed colored man in a cream-colored coat, as he paused a moment in front of the mansion.

"I swear by all my hopes that I have spoken only that which my heart prompted. Do you not believe me, Alice?"

"Yes, George, I do believe you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried the now delighted lover; "and since you have consented, let us talk of the blissful future. I will buy a cottage, and you can have a little garden, and spend your time cultivating the deliciously perfumed" —

"Onions! Onions!" hinted a thin female with a shawl over her head, as she shuffled down the street.

"Confound the peddlers!" exclaimed George. "It seems as if the entire fraternity had resolved to perambulate the streets this afternoon. I meant to say you could tend the flowers while I was absent; for I have quite a sum of money laid aside, and I think of going into business for myself. I shall try" —

"Matches and shoe-laces! Matches and shoe-laces!" said a small boy with a remarkably big voice.

"Alice," said George in desperation, "do take me out into the hall, cellar-kitchen, wood-shed, — anywhere but in this room. These peddlers will drive me frantic if I stay here any longer."

As the young lady led the way to the back piazza, George remarked, —

"I couldn't tell you half my plans in that room; my mind was all confused, and my language seemed to be all" —

"Soft soap! Soft soap!" declared a shrill voice from without.

George struck his forehead, and said something which the slamming of the door rendered unintelligible. But once removed from the cause of his difficulty, he succeeded so well with his wooing that when he left the house, — some two hours afterward, — he did so as the prospective husband of Miss Alice Somerville.

DE ROCHAMBEAU AND THE ROSE.

BY NORA PERRY.

It is nearly a hundred years ago
Since the day that the Count de Rochambeau —
Our ally against the British crown —
Met Washington in Newport town.

'Twas the month of March, and the air was chill;
But bareheaded over Aquidneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side was the grand array

Of a gallant army French and free
Ranged three deep in a glittering line;
And her French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Cononicut shore,

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered with a hearty zest
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy, admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes, that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau ;
And the gallant Marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden, where she stood
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a *faded rose*
In his gold-laced coat ; but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night and day after day
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At feast, or at church, or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, day after day,
Was speeding farther and farther away

From the fatal window, the fatal street;
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul,
A throb too much for the watchful eyes
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial Squire,
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
Her dangerous heart and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no roses of hers could fall at the feet

Of a *cursed Frenchman*, high or low.
And so while the Count de Rochambeau
In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
And awaited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
On the little deck of the sloop Delight,
Guarded, even in the darkness there,
By the watchful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck — 'twas the sloop Delight.
Off Hampton rocks — in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale,
Then, "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "so my fine romance
From beginning to end is a *rose* and a *glance*."

A rose and glance, with a kiss thrown in,
That was all; but enough for a promise of sin,
Thought the stern old Squire, when he took the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage.

So the sad old story comes to a close;
'Tis a century since, but the world still goes
On the same base round, still takes the gauge
Of its highest hearts in a moment's rage.

A TEXT FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

BY T. DEWITT SHORTMAGE.

"SAID Aaron to Moses." You will observe, my brethren, that he *said* it to Moses. He didn't write it to him, nor telegraph it, nor shout it through the telephone, but he *said* it. And it is a notable fact that he said it *to* Moses.

He didn't hint it to a neighbor, thinking it might reach Moses in some round about sort of way; nor tell it to Moses's wife, knowing she would mention it to him some day in the midst of a domestic confab, purposely distorting the main facts to annoy him, or springing it on him so suddenly as to startle him in a disagreeable manner. No, Aaron wasn't that kind of a man. If he had anything to say to a person he said it right to his face, open and above board.

But what did Aaron have to say to Moses that he couldn't trust to a letter or a third party? Were the mails unreliable in those days, and messenger boys not to be trusted? Perhaps they were, though that has no particular bearing upon the text under discussion. I will tell you what Aaron said to Moses. He said, "Let's cut off."

Now a cut off is a good thing sometimes. It is good to cut off distance in a long journey. Bad habits should always be cut off. There are men with long hair whose appearance would be vastly improved if they would cut it off. For good or bad reasons a rich father can cut off a son without a cent, and it is not unusual for a man to defraud his creditors or betray his trust and cut off to Canada. Perhaps there is no pleasure equal to being able to cut off coupons. But does our text refer to any of these things? Not at all; and you know it as well as I do, if you have read your Mother Goose attentively. Aaron's remark to Moses was, "Let's cut off our noses."

There we have it in as plain and concise a form as can be employed between man and man. Moses had

no excuse for not understanding precisely what Aaron meant. It was a proposition to divest themselves of their nasal protuberances, couched in the plainest possible English, which both gentlemen spoke fluently. Aaron didn't flourish his jackknife about, and ask Moses to guess what feature he could best dispense with. He didn't make any wild gesticulations that might mean scalping one's self, or cutting off one's ears. He simply said, "Let's cut off our noses."

And what reply did Moses make? Did he plead that the loss of his nose would impair his beauty or lay him liable to a cold in the head? No. Did he speak of the regret that it would cause him to part with a nose that he had been so many years engaged in coloring? Nothing of the kind. He simply said, "It is the fashion."

Ah, my friends, that phrase explains a great deal in this world, "It is the fashion." If a thing is only the fashion, that is enough for many people, and Moses, it seems, was not above the common vanity. One might have expected the great lawgiver to be above such weakness as that. Who would have expected Moses to care a fig whether noses were the fashion or not? The nose of the great Hebrew whose mistakes Bob Ingersoll has been at so much labor to expose, certainly was the fashion in his time. And a walk on Broadway will convince you that it is very much the mode in New York to-day, though I will say this for the Hebrew proboscis, while sharp to scent a trade, it is not often that it obtrudes itself into other people's business.

But to return to Moses. "It is the fashion," said he, and there is a little more to the sentence that I had overlooked — "it is the fashion to wear them." Now we have the text complete. Moses was a truthful man. He wouldn't lie about a little nose, or a big one either, for that matter. If he said that wearing a nose was *au fait*, you may be sure that it was. Had it been the custom in the circles in which he moved to leave one's nose at home, or pack it away in a trunk with camphor, or carry it in the pocket to prevent rheumatism, Moses would have said so right off, Aaron or no Aaron; but he didn't. He stated emphatically and without any qualification, "It is the fashion to wear them."

UNMADE HAY.

We knew by the clouds to the eastward
 It was going to rain that day,
 And there was the whole of the meadow lot
 All spread with the fragrant hay.
 And the clouds grew darker and larger
 As the wind the tree-tops tossed,
 And, hard though I was working,
 It seemed that the hay was lost.

My farm was a small and poor one,
 And the hay-crop was all I had,
 And I could not afford to hire a man,
 For the times were dull and bad;

And matters were looking dreary
For me that summer day,
When I heard a sweet voice behind me :
"I will help you get in the hay !"

'Twas my neighbor's daughter Molly,
Who lived just across the road,
And soft was the light in her down-cast eyes,
And the blush on her cheek that glowed.
I gladly accepted the service
She offered in friendly way,
And there by my side that afternoon
She helped me gather the hay.

She was no fine lady feeble,
Though her arms were plump and white,
And she raked all day with me, row for row,
Till the fall of the summer night.
And then, when we ceased our labors,
And the hay was stored away,
From the depth of my heart I thanked her
For her kindness to me that day.

And I took her home to her cottage,
But I didn't pause to woo,
And I asked not her hand in marriage,
Which I know she thought I'd do.
I left her there at the gate-way,
Beneath the branches brown,
And from her looks I know she was
The maddest girl in town.

PATSY BRANNIGAN'S GOAT.

PATSY BRANNIGAN owned a goat. There was nothing particular about the ownership. He owned it, that's all. Neither was there anything about the goat different from other goats. It had the same peculiarities; never hesitating to make a lunch out of a cast-off boot or hoop-skirt. In fact, the animal preferred this kind of diet to a Welsh rarebit. The same style of whiskers was worn by this animal as by others of the goat family, and its stumpy tail had the same circular motion.

The animal had been many years in the Brannigan family; and, as it was growing old, Patsy had not the heart to kill the animal, so he evolved the idea of disposing of it by a raffle.

Tickets were issued, and the night of the raffle arrived. It was the night before the 17th of March,—a night dear to every Irishman's heart.

The raffle was to take place in the barn, because Mrs. Brannigan was not in the secret.

Soon after supper Patsy went to the barn to prepare for the eventful occasion. An inverted wheelbarrow served as a table, while a tallow dip stuck in a potato cast a weird light over the scene. To add to the picturesqueness of the interior, the subject of the evening's pleasure, the goat, stood in one corner complacently chewing at its tether.

It was a varied party that gathered in the stifling atmosphere of the cramped quarters. There was

Mike Flaherty, commonly known as "Cross-eyed Mike;" Jerry Donovan, the undertaker's son; Tim McCarty, the slaughter-house boss, and many others, not overlooking Tim O'Toole, "one of the finest," whose beat lay in that district. Tim was not present to indulge in the raffle. He just dropped in to preserve order and touch his lips occasionally to the numerous mysterious packages that frequently went the rounds.

When all had squeezed in, Mr. Brannigan arose. He had been standing all of the time, and in arising he simply straightened up. Removing his stumpy "T. D." from his lips, and with a truly Delsarte gesture, he said, —

"Gintlemin, we have gathered here to-night — that is, you have gathered" —

"Av coorse we have gathered. Don't ye see us?" interrupted Cross-eyed Mike.

"Order in th' coort. Let no man interrupt Mr. Brannigan juring his spache," and Tim O'Toole dropped his club on the barrow with an emphasis that awed all into silence.

Even Brannigan's speech fled before the austerity of the law's representative, and his peroration was jerked out suddenly: —

"Theer's th' goat."

Mike Flaherty was the first to grasp the whiskey glass from which the dice were to be thrown. His step was a little erratic, and his vision magnified the number he really threw. It was 31, and being informed of the result he drew away muttering: —

"Thim doice do be loaded."

"Order in th' coort. Let no man" —

"Baa-a-a-a," came from the farther corner; and while it interrupted the speech, it could not stop the flourish of the club.

Tim McCarty, with an abattoir smell and a 13th Ward swing, next threw the cubes, and he did it with an air of confidence.

"Thorty-siven, by th' holy shmoke!"

Then others, with unsteady steps, caused by too frequent potations in the close room, essayed to win the goat. Some threw the dice on the floor and fell after them, while others reached vainly for the glass, that seemed never to stop.

Then Jerry Donovan's turn came. He had been hoisting in some pretty stiff cargoes of mountain dew, but he kept his head, and after — by dint of great exertion on the part of Tim O'Toole and the host — the dice were recovered from the fast accumulating mire on the floor, he made his throw.

"Thorteen, twinty-foive, thorty-noine — whoop! Oi've wan th' goat, be gob!"

"Whist! not so loud; ye'll raise th' ould leddy," whispered Brannigan.

"Order in th' coort. Let no" —

Then came another interruption. The door opened with a snap, and Mrs. Brannigan, of 250 pounds avoirdupois, with her sleeves rolled up, and her hands placed emphatically on her hips, crowded herself to the centre of the room, and before any of the visitors, or even her husband, could recover from the shock

used by her sudden appearance, she opened her battery thus wise : —

“ Phwat’s gooin’ arn here ? ”

She cast a look over the group, but no one dared answer. Then again she broke forth : —

“ Phwat’s gooin’ arn here ? ”

Tim McCarty attempted to reply : —

“ We wor rafflin’-hic-fur th’ goat.”

“ Ye wor rafflin’ fur th’ goat. Phwat goat ? ”

Mr. Brannigan complicated matters still more by saying, “ It’s Jirry Donovan’s goat, he trun thorty-noine.”

For some time Tim O’Toole had remained quiet, but as he had been sampling the bottle frequently, he hardly knew what turn things had taken, so with a supreme effort he arose, and with a maudlin tongue attempted to speak : —

“ Order in th’ coor ” —

Mrs. Brannigan eyed him for a moment, and then she opened her stored oratory : —

“ Arrah ! luk at that now. There’s a beauty fur ye. Phwy ain’t ye doon arn th’ avenoo takin’ care av the rioterous drunks, inshtead av bein’ here shwillin’ yer stummie full av phwhiskey ? Ye no need to be so shtuck up, becarse ye are arn th’ foorce. Ye wor narthing but a low-dooner before ye got appinted, and ye wor continted to wear yer ould clothes an’ help Tim McCarty at th’ slarter-house ; but thin, if th’ perlice commissioners will go to th’ slarter-house for theer min, thim’s th’ kind they’ll be gittin’.”

Poor Tim sat down. He had to. It was much

easier than standing; but as there were no chairs, he was satisfied with the floor.

"So Jirry Donovan owns th' goat, do he?" continued Mrs. Brannigan. "Well, if he do, he niver'll tek it away. I'm goin' to trow th' doice mesilf. I'll see if that jood will be drivin' arn de bullyvard wid th' goat in a soap-box wagin. We'll own th' goat, Patsy, an' drive him double wid ours, an' Jirry Donovan can walk. Give me th' doice."

Mrs. Brannigan squared herself for action. She mopped the barrow with her apron and wiped the glass with her skirt.

She was playing for luck.

As she bent nearly double, every eye that could see was watching the result of her throw.

From the depths of somewhere came a muffled sound to break the silence.

"O-r-d" —

Tim O'Toole was out of the game. As he dropped his club it struck the goat, which had just finished gnawing its rope in two. It then looked around for something upon which to wreak its revenge.

"Luk at that now," and Mrs. Brannigan bent closer over the barrow. "Sivinteen th' foirst trow — twin" —

There was a sound as of the rushing wind, a contact with Mrs. Brannigan at her greatest latitudinal measure, and —

The goat had thrown 250.

PANCHITA.

BY D. S. RICHARDSON.

THE city is damp and the air is cold ;
I long for the sun and a breath of the sea,
A horse fleet-footed, and liberty ;
The sweet, free air and the switching flow
Of wild oats over my saddle-bow ;
The long green slopes and the dark ravine,
Buckeye-scented and water-fed —
Fern spray under, and bough o'erhead —
And the night bivouac mid the sea-gulls' din,
Down by the shore where the tide comes in.

San Luis Obispo, beside the sea !
Bare and brown 'neath the summer sun,
Glad and green when the storms are done,
Green forever in memory !

Here Panchita, my love, I knew.
Not a flower that dared to be,
Mountain blossom, or bud that grew
Wind-bewildered beside the sea,
Half so timidly sweet as she ;
Nimble-footed as mountain quail,
Light and airy as winds that blow
Summer's blossomings to and fro,
This Panchita, this love of mine,

Dark and wistful and warm as wine,
Set the wilderness all aglow.

She was timid, I said, and shy.
Once, however, when all the sky
Burned with summer, and on the plain
Cattle perished because the sun
Licked the water-ways, all undone,
Small-pox stricken, and left to die,
Man-forsaken, nor succor near,
She, my timid one, laughed at fear,
Scouted danger and death, and stood
O'er my pallet through days of pain;
Coaxed the flickering life-spark back
Into vigor and love again.

Did I love her? God knows; and he
Knows the riddle of destiny.
Stern and changeless, her parent said,
"Child nor chattel of mine shall wed
Northern stranger. The grave were better!"
So I left him, and one dark night
Led two mustangs beneath the wall
Where Panchita, arrayed for flight,
Heard and answered my signal call.
Oh, that ride 'neath a broken moon!
The spur of danger, the quick caress,
The hope, the promise, and all too soon
The utter shadow and bitterness!

We reached the river; the stream was up,
The current was swift and black;

But a hundred times my mustang's feet
Had threaded the ford and back.
So we urged them in, nor dreamed that death
Lurked under the cataract.

How it happened I could not tell;
I only know that her mustang fell,
And ere I knew it I rode alone,
With a cry of agony in my ears —
God be merciful! but that tone
Haunts me ever throughout the years!
Wild with anguish, I spurred my way
Down the current, and called her name;
Knew no danger in my dismay —
Cursed and stumbled and tried to pray;
But no answer, no comfort came.
Wild with anguish, the long night through,
Dazed and wandering, here and there
I swam the river a dozen times
And howled at heaven in my despair.
But no answer; the sea-bird's cry
Mocked me only from out the air.
With the dawning her form I found,
Pale and beautiful, on the shore;
Then the wilderness swam around,
Blackness gathered — I knew no more.

The city is damp and the air is cold;
I long for the sun and a breath of the sea;
But a small white cross, where the sea-birds scold,
Marks all that lingers of love for me.

MR. WIGGLESWORTH AND THE LADDER.

BY W. O. FULLER, JR.

THE vagrant autumn winds, ruthlessly rending the dying leaves from their boughs, whirled them dizzily aloft, and then went away, leaving the larger part of them lying in the gutters of Mr. Wigglesworth's house. Then followed the driving rains, and the leaves, in sodden masses, packed themselves closer, and rendered the gutters quite obsolete.

What was the surprise of Mrs. Wigglesworth, on looking out of the window, to see her husband tacking up the street under the discouraging weight of a thirty-foot ladder. His hat was jammed severely on the back of his head, an angry light played upon his features, and his wife could read, even at that distance, that all had not gone well with the ladder. Even as she gazed, with amazement crowning her visage, the October breeze caught at one end of the ladder, and thrust it about, so that its other end picked off the bonnet and top hair of a woman who was on her way to the post-office, and who instantly emitted a startled scream; whereupon Mr. Wigglesworth whirled the ladder around just in the nick of time to project it into the stomach of a fat gentleman, whose breath it instantly shot out of him with a loud woof!

Mrs. Wigglesworth could easily discern these particulars, and her imagination supplied the language of the fierce altercation that immediately ensued. Full of kindly interest for her husband, she rushed to the front door.

"Why, Ellery!" she cried, in a voice charged with sympathy, "what have you got there?"

"What ye s'pose it is?" retorted Mr. Wigglesworth, who at that moment had the ladder involved in the gate, where it caught in seven or eight different places at once; "think it's a soda fountain, don't ye? Looks like a horseless wagon, prob'ly?"

"I see that it's a ladder," said Mrs. Wigglesworth in a placating tone; "but what are you going to do with it?"

"What does anybody do with a ladder?" snarled Mr. Wigglesworth, smashing a picket out of the gate, and then, as the ladder suddenly fetched loose, staggering violently into the yard, and poking out a cellar window. "Going to use it to sift ashes with, of course. Wha'd ye s'pose I got it for,—to wear to a masquerade ball?"

Throwing the ladder to the ground, and kicking it once or twice as a relief to his feelings, Mr. Wigglesworth pulled his necktie off his shoulder, and took a critical survey of the house eaves.

"First thing," he said, when his breath had got to playing regularly through his lungs, "is to h'ist the thing up."

"You want to get right under it, and keep pushing," suggested Mrs. Wigglesworth.

"That's it," returned her husband; "you've hit it first time. 'How to Find Out Things,' by Mrs. Wigglesworth, for the use of wives who want to make home attractive in spite of themselves."

Grasping the ladder at one end, he raised it above his head, and walked slowly under it until its weight became excessive.

"Catch hold here, can't ye?" he cried. "Want to see the thing fall and cave in my head?"

Mrs. Wigglesworth promptly lent assistance; and the instant her husband felt the relief, he took down his own benumbed arms and caressed them. Mrs. Wigglesworth endured the burden for a few brief seconds, and then, with a loud cry, dropped her hold, and jumped away. The ladder, clattering downward, scraped closely to Mr. Wigglesworth's ear, and nearly broke off one of his shoulders.

When he had recovered, they called the hired girl. Mrs. Wigglesworth was shown how to rest her weight upon one end of the ladder, while Mr. Wigglesworth and Imogene should begin at the other end, and by slow progression raise it against the side of the house.

"Lift! Lift!" grunted Mr. Wigglesworth to the hired girl; "don't leave it all for me to do!"

"It's beginning to lift at this end," called Mrs. Wigglesworth in agitation.

"Well, hold it still!" bawled her husband.

"I can't!" screamed Mrs. Wigglesworth; and then, to her horror, she felt herself slowly rising from the ground.

Mr. Wigglesworth and Imogene, having penetrated beyond the centre of gravity, acted as a fulcrum, and the longer end of the ladder, following the law of physics, trailed downward, lifting Mrs. Wigglesworth at the opposite extremity. The weight pressed awfully upon Mr. Wigglesworth; but he dared not loose his hold for fear it all might come down upon him in disaster. Then he noticed his wife.

"Get off that ladder!" he yelled; "what ye doing up there?"

"I — I can't help it, Ellery!" screamed Mrs. Wigglesworth, gripping tenaciously at the rounds. "Oh, do let me down!"

"Let ye down!" howled Mr. Wigglesworth, "how ye s'pose I'm stopping ye? Boost, can't ye?" he hissed to the hired girl, who, with eyes stonily set in her head, held aloft a pair of red arms that never winced nor faltered.

Staggering about in this painful fashion, a see-saw motion was communicated to the ladder, and Mrs. Wigglesworth bobbed slowly up and down like an old-fashioned pair of steelyards.

"Quit that teetering!" shouted Mr. Wigglesworth, the veins of whose neck were getting ready to burst, and run all over his wilted collar. "What ye think this is, — a game? Reckon it's a Sunday-school picnic, don't ye?"

These observations seemed to be forced out of him explosively, as he trod up and down the soggy lawn. People going by had stopped, astounded to see a man and woman balancing a ladder above their heads for

no ostensible reason, and another woman bobbing away upon one end of it and screaming. A crowd of these people now lined the fence, and some of them even volunteered advice.

"I wouldn't stay up there any longer," kindly ventured a benevolent-looking man; "that rocking motion is certain to produce nausea."

"It's an elopement — don't you see it is?" put in a man with a purple nose. "That old fellow under the ladder caught her just in time."

"She looks too aged to be eloping," said a man in whiskers.

"You can't tell," retorted the purple-nosed man, with a shake of the head; "some of these women will do anything to get married."

"I think," called the benevolent-looking man, "that if you can hold on for a few moments longer I can ring up the Hook and Ladder Company," and he made as if he would start off instantly.

Some of these remarks penetrated to the ears of Mr. Wigglesworth. Maddened by the dreadfulness of the situation, enraged by the thought that he was creating a scene that would be certain to get into the papers, he put all his strength into action, and charged with his burden up the driveway. At the rear of his lot rose a high board fence, and with a loud snarl of rage he aimed the ladder for it. The upper end, with Mrs. Wigglesworth upon it, caught the fence top, slid with its impetus partially over, and then its free end flung itself into the air, and Mrs. Wigglesworth with a loud shriek, disappeared from view into the neighboring premises.

"Hoo-ray!" screamed the audience by the fence. Mr. Wigglesworth picked himself out of the leafless rosebush and shook his fist at them savagely.

"If any of you will step over in this yard," he called, scowling awfully, "I'll take and knock the head off'n him."

A WHITE LILY.

BY MARY L. WRIGHT.

THE season of music was closing. Parepa Rosa, stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage, when her attention was arrested by "Please, mi ladi."

It was only the shrunken, misshapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the gaslight, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo, while the eager, wistful light in the great brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice, held her for a moment, against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well?"

The slender brown hands of the dwarf held up a fragrant white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart.

"Would mi ladi please?"

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?"

"Yes, yes, mi ladi."

"You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. O mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!"

The loud plaudits of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in those soft, dark eyes aflame, and in those sobbing, broken words.

"Child, meet me here to-morrow at five o'clock," and holding the lily caressingly, she stepped into her carriage, and was driven away.

* * * * *

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like a child entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords, and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook, and a look so rapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled. Now the wondrous notes thrilled softly, like the faint sound of bugles in the early morn, and again their sweetness stole over you like the distant chimes of vesper bells. *Encore* after *encore* followed. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as possible the manager related the incident of the previous night, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell would be the ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Loud and prolonged was the applause — and at the

first pause, sweeping in with royal grace, with the white lily on her breast, came our queen of song. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood. She stood a moment, and then sang clearly and softly the ballad, with its refrain of "Farewell, sweet land." Accompanying her came the low, tender wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in that great house at the close; then a shout went up that shook its very pillars.

Parepa Rosa! God called thee in thy perfect womanhood; but thy voice lives in our hearts, and, at the last great day, it shall be written in shining letters on thy name: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

THE TRAIN TO MAURO.

BY S. A. FROST.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. BUTTERMILK . . . *An Elderly Lady from the Country.*
 MR. KNIGHT *Clerk at a Railway Station.*
 JOHNNIE BUTTERMILK . *A Terrible Child.*

SCENE. — *Waiting-room of a railway station; MR. KNIGHT seated at a table, writing. Enter MRS. BUTTERMILK with a handbox, a carpet-bag, an umbrella, and a basket. JOHNNIE with a satchel, a bundle, a parasol, and a fishing-rod.*

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Morning, sir !

MR. KNIGHT (*coldly*). Good-morning.

MRS. B. Fairish day !

MR. K. (*very stiffly*). Very pleasant, madam.

MRS. B. Is this the place where you take the train to Mauro ?

MR. K. You can take a train here to-morrow or any other day.

MRS. B. I want to take the train to Mauro.

JOHNNIE. No, you don't, ma. You want the train to take you.

MRS. B. It's all the same. Are all my things here, — bandbox, carpet-bag, umbril, basket — You John, have you got all the things, — bag, bundle, parasol ?

JOHN. Yes, and my fishing-rod.

MR. K. If you don't want to leave to-day, you had better go over the way to a hotel. You cannot stay here all night.

MRS. B. Stay here all night !

JOHN. Nobody wants to stay here. We're going up to Aunt Susan's.

MR. K. You said you wanted to go to-morrow.

MRS. B. Well, so we do. My old man's sister's son's wife is sick.

MR. K. I don't want to hear your family troubles.

MRS. B. 'Tain't *my* family. It's Buttermilk's sister's son's wife's got some kind o' sickness come on sudden. She's powerful bad, ain't going to live, I reckon ; so they sent for me, cause I'm the best nuss anywhere round, though I say it, as I shouldn't.

JOHN. You bet !

MRS. B. Not that I ever go out professional; but if folks sees fit to show their gratitude by a little present, like a dress or the like of that, I don't object to taking it. You see Buttermilk's sister's son's wife is always delicate, and this is a bad spell, I reckon. They wrote as if she was almost dead already.

MR. K. I should think you would go to-day. You seem all prepared.

MRS. B. Ain't I going, as soon as the train comes along to Mauro?

MR. K. Why do you wait till to-morrow? Where are you going?

MRS. B. Don't I tell you I'm going to Mauro. Got all the things safe, Johnnie?

JOHN. Yes, ma.

MRS. B. Bandbox, carpet-bag, umbril, basket, bag, bundle, parasol?

JOHN. And fishing-rod.

MRS. B. Young man, what are you writing?

MR. K. (*coldly*). A report of an accident on the road.

MRS. B. Oh, mercy! Oh! Are we going to have an accident? I won't go! I won't stir a step. Young man, can't you write a line for me to my sister-in-law's son's wife to say I can't come.

MR. K. You need not be alarmed. The accident took place a week ago.

MRS. B. Oh, it's over. When is the next one?

MR. K. Pshaw!

JOHN. He don't know, ma! He wouldn't tell if he did, for fear folks would stay to home.

MRS. B. So they would, Johnnie. Well, I'm glad it is over for this time. What did they do, young man?

MR. K. Ran over a cow.

MRS. B. Dear me! Was she hurt, poor thing?

MR. K. She was taken up in three pieces.

MRS. B. You don't say so!

JOHN. Dear me, what a fuss about a cow! Is all that writing about it?

MR. K. Yes, it is. The cow threw the train off the track; thirty people were killed, sixty injured; the locomotive smashed to pieces, and five cars shattered.

MRS. B. I'm going home!

JOHN. Oh, pshaw, ma! I want to go fishing.

MRS. B. Fishing! Thirty killed. Young man, did you say *thirty*?

MR. K. Yes, ma'am.

JOHN. Never mind, ma! It is all over, and you want to show Aunt Susan your new false front.

MRS. B. Johnnie! You awful bad boy! You'll kill your mother, and you'll have a stepmother then, who'll beat you.

JOHN. Don't you worry, ma! I'll *haze* her.

MRS. B. When'll that train be along, young man?

MR. K. What train?

MRS. B. The ten-forty train.

MR. K. (*pettishly*). At ten-forty, of course.

MRS. B. That's the one that goes to Mauro, ain't it?

MR. K. Of course it goes to-morrow. It goes every day.

MRS. B. Oh! You see, young man, it's some ways for me to come down here, for I live fifteen miles back in the country.

MR. K. I don't want to know where you live.

MRS. B. And Mr. Jenk's uncle's daughter's husband was a-coming over with market truck; they've taken the corner farm this season, and are doing pretty well in garden-sass and berries.

MR. K. I don't want to hear all this.

MRS. B. As I was saying, Mr. Jenk's uncle's son-in-law was coming over, and he stopped round to our place, and says he, "Mrs. Buttermilk," says he, "I hear you're going up to town to take the train!"

MR. K. See here, boy, can't you make your mother be quiet? I want to write.

JOHN. (*grinning*). That's a good one. *I make her!* Suppose *you* try.

MRS. B. Shut up, John. Well, sir, as I was saying, Mr. Jenk's uncle's daughter's husband brought me over with as fine a lot of early greens as ever grew in our parts. It beats me how they was ever raised on that miserable old place. It must be out of his books and papers. He's a powerful hand for reading, and I must say he's a first-rate hand on a farm. His pigs are pictures! If you want garden-sass any time, young man, I'll get him to stop here.

MR. K. (*crossly*). You needn't trouble yourself.

MRS. B. 'Tain't a might o' trouble. I see him every market-day, 'cause he brings my butter.

MR. K. I don't want any garden-sass.

MRS. B. Dear me ! Now some folks is so fond of it, when it comes in fresh.

MR. K. I'm not !

MRS. B. Powerful stupid waiting here, ain't it ? You see I had to come in early to get a seat in the wagon.

JOHN. Ma !

MRS. B. Well, John, what is it *now* ? Your tongue's always running. Nobody else gets a chance to put a word in sideways when you get started.

JOHN. Ma, I'm hungry.

MRS. B. Well, I do believe that's what ails me ! I thought I felt faintish. (*Opens her basket.*) Here's the plaster for your Aunt Susan. Ever have the rheumatiz, young man ?

MR. K. Never !

MRS. B. I'll send you one of my rheumatiz plasters, if you have. Cure you, sure ! (*Puts the plaster on bench.*)

JOHN. Come, ma, hurry up, and find some gingerbread.

MRS. B. (*taking out a bottle*). Here's the yarb tea for your uncle. Ever have the asthma, young man ?

MR. K. No.

MRS. B. I could leave you a little of this tea, if you had. Best thing in the world if you should ever feel wheezy. Bless your heart, they send from all round the country for my yarb tea for asthma. (*Puts bottle on bench.*)

JOHN. Come, ma !

MRS. B. Dear me, Johnnie! How came your worms in here? (*Takes out a paper box.*)

JOHN. Well, if I didn't look high and low for that bait. You must have got them off the kitchen table, ma!

MRS. B. Well, there's lots more to be had, if those were lost. Ever go fishing, young man?

MR. K. Never!

MRS. B. Might 'a' had some o' John's bait just as well as not. (*Takes out another box.*) Here's the roots for the drink in case of fever. Are you subject to fever, young man?

MR. K. Not at all.

MRS. B. Pity, now, ain't it? Could have left you some of these roots just as well as not.

MR. K. (*sarcastically*). You are very kind.

MRS. B. Well, I like to be neighborly when I can. You look sorter peaked, young man! Ain't you sickly? Better come up country for a spell.

JOHN. I say, ma, I'll starve to death before you find that gingerbread!

MRS. B. Bless my heart, John, I forgot all about it! (*Takes out a roll of white cloth.*) Why, here's my nightcap! I clean forgot I put it in there! Wouldn't I 'a' had a pretty hunt for that, if I had not jest 'a' found it! Wear a nightcap, young man?

MR. K. No, I don't!

MRS. B. There's some of Buttermilk's you might have had just as well as not. They're too big for Johnnie, and the moths likely'll make an end of them before he grows to them.

JOHN. I'll grow to them before you find that gingerbread, if you don't make haste, ma.

MRS. B. (*putting roll on bench*). Dear me, Johnnie, I wish you had a little patience. (*Takes out a paper bundle.*) Here's my tallow candles in case there's night-watching; for your Aunt Susan will burn that awful kerosene, and I'm as 'fraid as death of it, ever since my cousin's niece's husband's first wife's child was burned to death by the explosion of the lamp put side of his bed for him to go to sleep, and he upset it onto the bedclothes, and was burned to a cinder right in his own nightgown. I've never burned a bit of kerosene since I heard of it. It gave me such a turn, I was sick for a week. Burn kerosene, young man?

MR. K. I'd like to drown you in a barrel of it!

MRS. B. Now, I don't call that neighborly; I wouldn't want to serve you so. (*Puts bundle on the bench.*) I was going to say I *could* spare you one or two of my candles; and they're good, for I made them myself.

MR. K. Then you'd better burn them yourself.

JOHN. Found that gingerbread yet, ma?

MRS. B. (*taking out the articles as she names them, and putting them on bench*). Here's the fine-tooth comb, and your toothbrush, and the hands and face soap from the store,—hard yellow soap's just as good to my notion,—and the hair-brush and comb, and your box of blacking, Johnnie, and the hair-ile, and the almanac,—and here's the gingerbread. (MR. KNIGHT *rises.*) Where are you going, young man?

MR. K. Time for the train.

MRS. B. My train?

MR. K. I thought you were not going until to-morrow.

MRS. B. So I am going to Mauro. That's where my husband's sister's son's wife is sick, — at Mauro.

MR. K. I do believe you are going to *Mauro*.

MRS. B. Haven't I been saying so all along? Of course I'm going there.

MR. K. Well, you'll have to hurry. I hear the train now, and it only stops a minute or two.

MRS. B. You don't say so! Johnnie, help me put the things in the basket. (*Scrambling them all together, dropping them on the floor, trying to cram them in the basket hastily all the time she is talking.*) Dear me, I've busted the candle bag, and my string's off my yarbs. Johnnie, you awful boy, pick up that bottle. Oh, I never was so flusterated in my life! I'll miss the train now, John, all for your being so long over that gingerbread. Where's my nightcap? There, it's rolled clear across the floor! Go pick it up, Johnnie. They *won't* go in! They all came out of this basket, and they must go in. Where's the plaster for Aunt Susan's rheumatiz? Oh, young man, don't stand gaping there, but help me, can't you?

MR. K. Train's in! (*Saunters out.*)

MRS. B. Come, Johnnie! Oh, we'll never git the things. (*Gathers them all up helter-skelter, and runs out, dropping them all along on the floor.*)

JOHN. I'm coming! (*Runs after MRS. BUTTERMILK, picking up the articles dropped, and dropping others as fast. Both go off.*)

THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER'S.

BY NORA PERRY.

GAYLY and gayly rang the gay music,
The blithe merry music of harp and of horn,
The mad merry music that set us a-dancing
Till over the midnight came stealing the morn.

Down the great hall went waving the banners,
Waving and waving their red, white, and blue,
As the sweet summer wind came blowing and blowing,
From the city's great garden asleep in the dew.

Under the flags as they floated and floated,
Under the arches and arches of flowers,
We two and we two floated and floated
Into the mystical midnight hours.

And just as the dawn came stealing and stealing,
The last of those wild Weber waltzes began;
I can hear the soft tones now, appealing and pleading,
And I catch the faint scent of the sandal-wood fan

That lay in your hand, your hand on my shoulder,
As down the great hall away and away,
All under the flags and under the arches,
We danced and we danced till the dawn of the day.

But why should I dream o'er this dreary old ledger,
In this counting-room down in this dingy old street,
Of that night or that morning, just there at the dawn-
ing,
When our hearts beat in time to our fast flying feet ?

What is it that brings me that scene of enchantment,
So fragrant and fresh from out the dead years,
That just for a moment I'd swear that the music
Of Weber's wild waltzes was still in my ears ?

What is it indeed in this dusty old alley,
That brings me that night or that morning in June ?
What is it indeed ? I laugh to confess it —
A hand-organ grinding a creaking old tune.

But somewhere or other I caught in the measure
That waltz of von Weber's, and back it all came,
That night or that morning, just at the dawning,
When I danced the last dance with my first and
last flame.

My first and my last ! but who would believe me,
If, down in this dusty old alley to-day,
'Twixt the talk about cotton, the markets, and money,
I should suddenly turn in some moment and say :

The one memory only had left me a lonely
And gray-bearded bachelor, dreaming of Junes,
Where the nights and the mornings, from the dusk
till the dawns,
Are set to the music of Weber's wild tunes.

MRS. McGLAGGERTY ON ROLLER SKATES.

BY MRS. LUCIA H. CARPENTER.

"MRS. MULDOONY! Mrs. Muldoony! Be ye's at hum? Coom out furninst the fince. Oi've sumthin' to tell ye!"

"Sure, and it's mesilf that's hum this toime ov day in the mornin'. But the blissid saints presarve us! Was the burglars at your house last noight? Och, but your nose is bigger thin me fist, and your eyes is blacker thin the bottom of me ould tin tay-kittle! Faith, and it's a sorry day that any one would be baitin' ye in that stoile."

"It was not the burglars at all, at all! See, here's the dirty bastes thot did it."

"And phat in the wurrild is thim? They look loike two little waggins on whales."

"Waggins on whales! Sure, it would take the brith out ov lightnin' itsilf to be keepin' up wid 'em!"

"And phat in the wurrild be they?"

"Roller skates! And couldn't I see the man in purgatory that iver invinted the hathenish things! And ivery one is goin' woid over the dirty thraps."
(*Throws them down.*)

"Faith, it's just dyin' wid curiosity I am to hear all about it, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

“ Well, thin, listen, Mrs. Muldoony, and I’ll tell ye all about it. Me daughter was radin’ in the paper how there was to be a foine proize given to the bist skater, and I says to mesilf, ‘ Begorrah, I could sloide on the ice aqual to the bist ov thim whin I was a gurril, so I could. And I’ll jist surprise thim by carrying off the proize mesilf, so I will. So I toidied up mesilf, and wint to the place where the man said I’d find thim what was skatin’. And sure enough! There was the foine gintlemin and the illegant ladies skatin’ around aqual to the dooks on the Lake of Killarney. And by me sowl, if some of thim wasn’t skatin’ on *one foot*! ‘Och,’ says I to mesilf, ‘but ye’ll have hard work to bate that, so ye will.’ Thin I asked the man how much thim skates was apiece, and he towld me foive dollars! Och, but I thought that was a hape of money. Thin I thought of the proize, and he says, ‘Och, but yes’ll make an illegant figure on thim skates!’ Bad luck to him! I took thim, and I wint home and sot down on the floor, and put thim on. And thin I got up. But I sot down that quick that me two eyes strook foire, and I had a discussion of me spoine, so I did. And would ye belave it! One of thim little divils wanted to go one way, and the ither the ither, and me two feet fast to thim at the same toime, till I thought they’d niver walk in the same path again. And me head strook the bottom ov the chair that hard that it druv it clean through to me shoulder on the ither side, and such a toime as I had to get me head out ov there. Sure, I thought the splints would tear me eyes out by the roots.

“Thin I remembered seein’ ’em skatin’ on one foot, and I thought maybe that was the way, and it would be aisier thin on the two, and I’d try again. So I got up. But, Saint Patrick! Me countenance strook the floor that hard that I thought the hivins had bursted and all the little stars was cooming down at once. And in a sicond me nose was bigger than me fist, and bladin’ a stream. One ov me eyes was swelled shut, and I could hardly see out ov the ither. And I had a pan ov bread roisin’ by the stove, and would ye belave it, both ov me feet stuck fast in the roisin’! Och, Mrs. Muldoony, but I’ve no nade ov the proize.”

HOW GIRLS FISH.

THERE are generally about six of them in a bunch, with light dresses on, and they have three poles, with as many hooks and lines among them. As soon as they get to the river they look for a good place to get down the bank, and the most venturesome one sticks her boot heels in the bank and makes two careful steps down — then finds herself at the bottom, with both arms in the water, and a general feeling that everybody in the wide world is looking at her, and she never tells anybody how she got there. The other girls, profiting by her example, turn around and go down the bank on their hands and toes, backward. Then they scamper over the rifts until they find a shallow place, where they can see the fish, and shout:—

"Oh! I see one!"

"Where?"

"Why, there!"

"Let's catch him."

"Who's got the bait?"

"You lazy thing; you're sitting on my pole!"

All these exclamations are gotten off in a tone that awakens every echo within a mile around, and sends every fish that hears them into "galloping hysterics." Then the girls, by superhuman exertions, manage to get a worm on the hook, and throw it into the water with a splash like the launching of a washtub, and await the result. After a while a feeble-minded sun-fish contrives to get fastened on the hook of a timid girl, and she gives vent to her tongue:—

"Oh, my! something's got my hook!"

"Pull up! pull up! you little idiot!" shout five excited voices, as poles and hooks are dropped, and their owners run to the rescue. The girl with the bite gives a spasmodic jerk which sends the unfortunate "sunny" into the air the full length of the four-reel line, and he comes down on the nearest curly head with a damp flop that sets her clawing as though there were bumblebees in her hair.

"Oh, murder! Take it away! Ugh! Take it away! the nasty thing!" Then they hold up their skirts, and gather about that fish as he skips over the logs, one all the time holding the pole in both hands, with one foot firmly planted on the line as though she had an evil disposed goat at the other end.

Then they talk it over.

"How will it ever get off?"

"Ain't it pretty?"

"Wonder if it ain't dry?"

"Poor little thing; let's put it back."

"How will we get the hook from its mouth?"

"Pick it up! pick it up!" says one of the girls, backing herself out of the circle.

"Good gracious! I'm afraid! There! it's opening its mouth at me."

Just then "sunny" wriggles off the hook and disappears between two logs in the water, and the girls try for another bite. But the sun comes down and fries the back of their necks, and they get three headaches in the party, and they all get cross and scold at the fish like so many magpies. If an unwary chub dares to show himself in the water they poke at him with their poles, much to his disgust.

Finally, they get mad all over, and throw the poles away, hunt up the lunch-baskets, climb up into the woods, where they sit around on the grass, and eat enough dried beef and rusk and hard boiled eggs to give a wood horse the nightmare, after which they compare notes about *beaux* until sundown, when they go home and plant envy in the hearts of all their dear friends by telling them what a splendid time they had out fishing.



STANDARD RECITATIONS.

KEENE'S Selections for Reading ^{AND} Elocution.

A HANDBOOK FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

By J. W. KEENE, A.M., M.D.

12mo, cloth, \$1.00. Special terms to schools.

In selecting, the compiler's aim has not been wholly to secure novelties, but to provide teachers and students with a suitable variety for practical use. Therefore, many standard selections have been retained, and these, as well as the newer ones, have been chosen, in nearly every instance, for a well-defined and special purpose of illustration.

It has been thought best to introduce the series of Systematic Gestures as a basis for calisthenic exercises, and a preparation for further work in this branch of elocution.

George Riddle's Readings.

A representative collection of the most popular selections of this most popular elocutionist, including many not obtainable in any other form.

Many of the readings contained in this volume were written expressly for Mr. Riddle, and are here printed for the first time.

Handsomely Bound in Blue Cloth, gilt sides, 197 pp., price \$1.00 net.

New edition, in paper, 30 cents, net.

*Catalogue of Recitations, Plays, and Entertainments, mailed free
on application to the publishers,*

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.,